

Petitions Out to Form Fire District

Petitions have been placed in various places of business around the community asking that the San Diego County Board of Supervisors set a date for a hearing on the formation of a fire protection district, embracing all the Lemon Grove Elementary School District.

If the hearing is favorable, the Board will call an election so that the voters and property owners may have an opportunity to express themselves on this issue.

Monterey Heights Wants Fire District

The Monterey Heights Civic League met recently in the home of the president, David Hentigan, 1730 Dupont drive. Jim Pearce and Lee Thompson, of the Lemon Grove Chamber of Commerce Fire Committee, were present and explained the proposed Fire District. The group unanimously agreed to support the formation of the district. The Civic group has since then sent out three petitions for the support of the plan.

The organization is holding a community picnic for all residents of the Monterey Heights area in Eucalyptus Park on Sunday. Those planning to attend are asked to meet at the Monterey Market on Englewood drive at 12:30 p. m. Transportation will be furnished for those who need it.

Families are requested to bring their own dinner and table service. The coffee and soda pop will be furnished. There will be games and prizes for the children. A base ball game between the younger generation and the 'Nine Old Men' of the Civic League, should be entertaining for all.

Setback Problem Still Unsettled

The big question for Harold Gasner, 7170 Mt. Vernon avenue, is still—will he or will he not have to move his house four feet. Last week, Navy Chief Petty Officer Gasner, through an attorney asked a County Supervisors' hearing on the denial of August 12 by the Planning Commission of a variance permit to forestall the moving of the house, which he said was a useless "gross injustice" and would cost him \$1500.

There has been quite a controversy among his neighbors, several having petitioned the Supervisors to enforce the zoning ordinance. Gasner's hearing petition was referred back to the Planning Commission for two reasons. Chairman Dean Howell is on vacation and it takes a unanimous vote of all five supervisors to over-rule the Commission.

According to Acting Chairman Dave Bird, the Commission's vote was an inconclusive 4-4, instead of 4-3, on an ordinance violation as reported to the Board.

11-YEAR OLD GETS DEER

Ralph Harris, 11 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harris, 7455 Roosevelt street, went hunting with his father and a group of other men over the week end. One guess given as to who came back with a deer—that's right, Ralph did it.

PUBLIC CARD PARTY

The Vista La Mesa Woman's Club will have a public card party on Saturday, September 17, at the La Mesa Woman's clubhouse at 8:00 p. m.

DATES CLAIMED

September 4—New England boiled dinner, 6:30 p. m., VFW hall. August 31—Pot luck dinner, Congregational Church, by Golden Circle, public invited.

September 17—Public card party, by Vista La Mesa Woman's Club at La Mesa Woman's Club House, 8 p. m.

October 8 and 9—Fall Festival and bazaar, St. John of the Cross School.

October 9—Turkey dinner, St. John of the Cross School, 12:30 p. m. to 6 p. m.

FORWARD JUNIORS

Mrs. Charles Jinnett, ways and means chairman of the Forward Club Juniors, wishes to thank the general public and the club members who helped to make their hot dog both at the Powow a success. The members working in the booth were Mesdames A. M. Barstow, Wm. Miller, Edward Miller, Ralph Dewey, George Hillix, Tedy Hall, David Hentigan, Allen Giles, Leon Myers, William Kellison, Glen Ballantine, DeWitt Mytinger, Evelyn Whalen, Betsy Jones, Charles Jinnett and Chas. Whitlock.

WELCOME to New Readers

100

new names added to the list this week. Count 'em. All paid subscribers to the Review.

G. E. Leonard
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J. B. Anthony
Joe Soares
K. Finnegan
J. R. Richards
A. F. Hill
C. L. Henderson
A. Cannizzaro
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K. G. Lambeth
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Paul Tarditi
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Nathan Morse
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G. I. Hartel
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E. E. Vinson
Mrs. J. E. Sonka
L. R. Fields
Peter Homan
E. D. McClure
J. Moreno
Virginia Wheeler
P. R. Apitz
R. C. Bolden
W. C. Hubbard
Edward Beistline
A. V. Hemmer
Sumner Farrar

30,000 People Entertained Here

The Powow is over. An estimated 30,000 people viewed the parade, enjoyed the programs and took in the sights of the three-day affair.

The parade on Friday afternoon brought out some unique and excellent displays, with many horsemen appearing in costume.

Many of the local merchants had floats in the parade, and some of them took considerable work and thought in getting ready for the event. The Business Women's League had a double entry that was very beautiful, depicting the prosperity and heavenly weather of Lemon Grove. The Junior choir of First Congregational Church added much by riding on a float and singing Gospel songs.

As no adequate record was kept of the prize winners, the Review is unable to publish the list. Miss Margaret Roenberger was crowned Queen of the Powow and upon her lay the duty of awarding ribbons and prizes for the various events.

Outstanding programs were presented on the stage on Imperial. The management is to be congratulated upon its selection of talent.

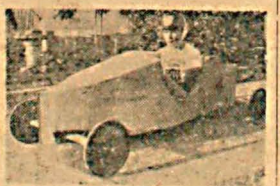
Have You Seen Hal's Hat?

Hal Lennox, who appeared on the Powow program Saturday evening, lost his top silk hat which completed his full dress costume. It is thought to have disappeared from the dressing room during his act on the stage. This is quite a blow to Hal as it will take nearly \$50.00 to replace his hat. Hal gets up at 4:30 every morning to deliver papers on a route and it's going to take a lot of hard work to make that much money.

So—if you have seen Hal's hat please get in touch with him at 7545 Pacific avenue or call H6-6196.

IT'S A BOY

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Steiner, 3552 Harris street, are the parents of a son, Charles Richard, born August 17, in La Mesa Community Hospital.



Danny Ahrensberg, 1941 Washington street, in racer he used in the recent soap box derby in San Diego. Danny was the only Lemon Grove entrant.

La Fresa Community Church Serves South End of Valley

Living among the rolling hills in the south end of Spring Valley is a small group of modern day pioneers, the congregation of the La Fresa Community Church.

A few years ago, a band of people in this south end of the Valley decided they needed a church and Sunday School. The first services were conducted by Miss Sylvia Wilford and Rev. Hughes.

The first real church services were held in a vacant grocery store on Jamacha road in March, Rev. Dan Apra was the first regular pastor with an official board and membership of five persons.

The owner of the store decided to reopen it, so a new place of worship had to be found. Mrs. Sanders offered the use of his blacksmith shop, which had no closeable windows or doors. Services were held in the blacksmith shop until the weather became too cold.

In the meantime, Miss Wilford had found and made arrangements for a building, 20 by 26 feet to be moved onto a lot that had been given to the church by Mr. Grable. The church was incorporated in 1943. Services are

Beloved Mother Passes Friday

Following an illness of a month's duration, Mrs. Nancy Ellen Casteel passed away Friday at the home of her son, George W. Casteel, 7533 Central avenue. Memorial services were conducted by the Rev. Dan Apra at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Erickson-Anderson Mortuary, La Mesa. Tuesday morning the body was accompanied by a son, John Casteel, to London, Ky., for interment by the side of her husband, in the Casteel Cemetery. Many generations of the Casteel family are interred there.

Nancy Ellen Allen was born in Washington County, Tenn., on September 20, 1859, and lacked but 31 days of being 90 years at her passing. When an infant, her parents moved near London, Ky. Here she grew to womanhood and on October 27, 1881, she became the bride of Clayborn W. Casteel. They soon moved to Texas where he worked as a cow hand on West Texas ranches. Later, they lived in several of the western States, to the Canadian border—farming, grain growing, livestock raising and merchandising.

Mr. and Mrs. Casteel came to San Diego County from Montana in 1926 to live with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Casteel. All of their family lived in the West, and here they lived a life of contentment, completely happy in being surrounded by their children and grandchildren.

Their son, Felix, passed away at the age of 45 years and four years ago, the circle was again broken when the husband and father passed away while visiting in Kentucky.

Mrs. Casteel leaves as a monument to her memory, a large family in whom she instilled the highest principles of good citizenship and charitable friendliness.

Surviving are seven sons—George W., James and John, of Lemon Grove; Sam of El Cajon; Albert of Los Angeles; Robert and Joseph of Jefferson City, Mont.; a daughter, Mrs. Martha Sullivan, of Tucson, Ariz.; 20 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

HARRIS-SNEED NUPTIALS

Miss Barbara Lou Sneed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Sneed, of Mariposa, became the bride of Perry Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harris, 7455 Roosevelt street, in Yuma, Ariz., on Monday. The bride wore a brown tweed suit with white accessories. The young couple is residing with the bridegroom's parents.

CO-ORDINATING COUNCIL

The regular meeting of Lemon Grove Co-ordinating Council will be held at the home of Homer Blalock, 1781 Dupont street, on Monday at 7:30 p. m. A full attendance of members is desired.

Hit and Run Driver Plows Into Parked Cars

A hit-and-run driver, said to have been under the influence of liquor, caused panic and a near tragedy in Saturday night's Powow crowd, when his car, traveling at a high rate of speed, sideswiped an auto, bounced off, drove on down Broadway and struck the rear end of a parked car.

He continued weaving on down the street, causing the pedestrians at the intersection of Broadway and Imperial to scatter, and the officer directing traffic to leap for his life.

Pursuing citizens and the sheriff caught the culprit at Euclid avenue and Federal boulevard. The driver stated to officers that he had had only "two beers."

(A word to the wise—alcohol and gasoline don't mix.)

Forward Club to Rummage Sale

The Forward Club will sponsor a rummage sale from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. on Tuesday, October 4, at 3047 National avenue, San Diego, to raise funds for its philanthropic activities. The money obtained from this sale will be used for worthy welfare projects, and the articles will help to furnish usable clothing and household items for many people who could not afford to pay the price of new ones.

Donations are welcome and may be delivered to the following collection depots: Mrs. Jack Foster, 2241 Cypress; Mrs. J. E. Butler, 7485 Central; Mrs. Fred Johnson, 8291 Adams.

Anyone having articles to be picked up should call H6-9804 or H6-3455.

Mrs. H. L. Etensohn is rummage sale chairman, assisted by Mesdames Jas. K. Dougherty, J. F. Gillespie, John Newton and Kenneth F. Vaughn.

All States Picnic in Spring Valley

Everyone is invited to the old-fashioned basket dinner next Sunday at the Community Center in Spring Valley. The grounds will be open at 10:00 a. m. for the convenience of those who wish to register their home state early.

There will be games, contests, prizes for the winners contributed by the merchants and others, as well as a free program. Bring your family, picnic dinner and table service. Coffee will be furnished and soft drinks available. Enjoy an old-fashioned get-together with former residents of all of the States. A full day's program has been planned for the pleasure of young and old.

Column for Nature Lovers

The editors of the Review have long been hopeful of having a feature column that would be of interest to the younger folk as well as the grown-ups. Right here in our own Lemon Grove, we have found a dear little lady, a nature lady, let us call her, who knows all about birds and rocks and flowers and all the lovely things God put upon this earth for humans' pleasure.

This week we give you in a new column, your own Mrs. A. O. Treganza, affectionately known by all her friends as "Trixie" (and all who know her are her friends).

Trixie's column on "Talks and Walks with Mother Nature," will first present a series on our feathered friends. May we suggest that the children may want to cut out the stories and paste them in their nature scrap books.

Mrs. Treganza was organizer and member of the Cooper Ornithological Club and member of the Audubon Society. She has also been examiner of all the Boy Scouts in this area for their merit badges in bird study.

Mr. and Mrs. Treganza lived in this community since 1926. Mrs. Treganza passed away five years ago.

Mrs. Treganza has a museum of bird lore at her home, containing a valuable collection of eggs, nests, shells, gems and rocks, Indian artifacts and ollas in her home, which the children greatly enjoy.

Enrolling New Students in Local School

Superintendent Netzley of the Lemon Grove Schools urges that all parents who have children to enroll in these schools for the first time, do so as soon as possible. Enrollment for all Lemon Grove schools are being taken at the Lemon Grove school on week days from 9 a. m. to 12 noon and from 1 to 4:30 p. m. When enrolling a kindergarten child, the parent must bring the child's birth certificate or other legal proof of birth.

As soon as registrations are completed, the school office will be in position to supply the following information: bus schedules; school child will attend; session, whether morning or afternoon; cafeteria program, etc.

It is estimated that there will be about 300 pupils at Monterey Heights, 300 at Vista La Mesa and 900 at Lemon Grove.

At Monterey Heights, grades will be from kindergarten through sixth; and will have double sessions from kindergarten through second grade.

At Vista La Mesa, grades will be from kindergarten through sixth with double sessions from kindergarten through fourth grade.

At Lemon Grove school grades will be from kindergarten through eighth grade. Double session will be from kindergarten through third grade. Seventh and eighth will be on modified departmentalized Junior High program. More details will be given next week.

The recent cut in appropriations has reduced the number of teachers, making it imperative to keep all classes at approximately equal size. This necessitates assigning children to morning or afternoon classes at any one of the three schools regardless of where they live. This may appear to be a rather indiscriminate basis but this situation has been brought about by conditions beyond the control of the Lemon Grove School District. Parents are urged to be patient and understanding and not to request special consideration.

Registration for Grossmont High Starts Monday

Registration dates for Grossmont Union High School will start next Monday and continue through the week to Friday, during the hours of 9 to 12 in the morning, and from 1 to 3 in the afternoon. There will also be registration on September 6 and 7 from 1 to 3 p. m.

All students entering ninth grade, who have not attended elementary schools in the Grossmont district, should take copies of their report cards or transcripts of records for registration.

All new tenth, eleventh and twelfth grade students are requested to notify their former high schools and ask them to send transcripts of grades to Grossmont Union High School, Grossmont, California.

Counselors for the school year 1949-50 are as follows:

Ninth grade—Miss Ethel Prosser.
Tenth grade—John Cornelius.
Eleventh grade—Miss Ruth E. Peters.

Twelfth grade—William Jones. All entering students are given intelligence tests and reading tests for the purpose of helping the counselors to direct the students in developing their courses of study. New students may take these tests next Monday at 2:00 p. m. in Room 33, and on Thursday at the same place and hour.

ENDORSE CLOYED

The San Diego County Federation of Republican Women, at its regular monthly meeting on August 17, gave its endorsement to Ralph R. Cloyed of Chula Vista, candidate to fill the vacancy in the 80th Assembly District. Mrs. Rachel Wyllie, president, stated that it was felt that Mr. Cloyed was the strong candidate behind whom all Republicans in the 80th District could unite.

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G. R. Graham, Editor and Publisher
Mae Rex Graham, Associate Editor

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In our "Letters to the Editor" column in today's Review appears a letter from a resident of this community in regard to the Civic Committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to pass upon the merits or demerits of solicitors and promoters who seek local support for their projects. The Review is taking no stand one way or another in this controversy. This newspaper is here to serve all of the community, and would be derelict in its duty to its subscribers and to the community from which it derives its support, if it served only such organizations as the publisher might take a personal liking to, and to disregard the others. News is news, whatever the source. We might be misled, or misinformed—no newspaper can know everything. It must depend upon sources of information, and these sources are considered reliable until proven otherwise. The Review invites the public to use its columns. Letters must be signed. Anonymous communications go into the waste basket.

Sparks

FROM THE NEWS CIRCUIT
JAMES DORAIS

Perhaps because so many Californians are transplanted Midwesterners, people here don't get too excited as a rule over gratuitous insults tossed our way by Midwest folks too dulled by the heat or too improvident to save enough for the train fare West.

We are used to being castigated as the birthplace of "crackpot" movements, and sometimes even are willing to admit ruefully that there is occasional justification for the charge.

We've been criticized for the casualness of our dress—and seen the whole country ape our Hollywood styles.

Recently, after the California legislature memorialized Congress to work toward World Federation, the staunchly isolationist Chicago Tribune, kingpin of Midwest newspapers, questioned editorially whether the rest of the world would care to accept California in any such union. We let that pass.

But the Tribune has insulted us again, in a more subtle way.

In a baseball editorial, the leading Chicago daily bemoans the fact that comparatively few major league players call Chicago their home. Why, asks the Tribune, does not Chicago and the Midwest produce better ball players?

"Why does California," the Tribune concludes, "send more players to the big leagues than any other state? Sunshine, mild winters and vitamin C do not explain it. With only four times Florida's population, California yielded 12 times as many ball players."

It isn't that we don't appreciate the recognition. The insult to any good Californian lies in being compared to Florida.

Sure, they have oranges, palm trees and beaches in Florida, too. But all resemblance ceases right there.

The Chicago Tribune won't find the reason for the superior prowess of California-born athletes by comparing us to Florida. There's

This does not mean that letters from crackpots or spite letters will be published. Only letters of genuine interest and for the good of the public will be published.

Petitions are out asking the San Diego County Board of Supervisors to set a date for a hearing on the formation of a fire protection district, taking in the entire Lemon Grove Elementary School District. These petitions are readily available to the people of this community, and everyone who wants fire protection should sign. The best way to bring out the facts concerning fire protection is to have a hearing before the Board. Then the Supervisors will either call the election or reject it, depending upon the reaction of the people at the date of hearing. Signing this petition does not mean that Lemon Grove will get a fire district without an election. Holding an election and bringing out the facts on the costs and benefits is the best way to decide the issue.

Buy your stamps and postal cards at the Lemon Grove postoffice. Postmaster Faucher has a business here just like the rest of us. If his business prospers, his boss in Washington takes note of it, and in repayment gives Lemon Grove better service. Some day if we can boost the local business high enough, the postal department will give this city complete postal delivery service.

The Powwow has come and gone. Regardless of how one felt about the affair, one has to admit that the public had a lot of fun, a fine program of good clean entertainment and everyone enjoyed themselves.

nothing sub-tropical about the fog in San Francisco's North Beach, where the DiMaggios came from.

From Oregon to Mexico, in its valleys, mountains, deserts, rolling hills and seacoast, California is a place of infinite variety. Scandinavians found a replica of home in the northern timber regions. Italians planted grapes on the sunny California slopes reminiscent of the Mediterranean countryside. Armenians and Chinese, Mexicans and Hindus, the Swiss and Slavs, all find a bit of their homeland here.

California is the world in miniature. Such a place could hardly fail to produce the best of everything, including athletes. California isn't all flat, or all steep or all arid, or all moist with ocean fog. And yet—and this won't help the Chicago Tribune—in some indefinable way all California towns and cities have a special California stamp on them.

Take Tulare, for instance, the town declathon champion Bob Mathias made famous. It bears no resemblance to Florida—or to Illinois either. It is typically California!

Political Parade

CLEM WHITAKER, Jr.

Like a group of fascinated spectators around a campfire speculating whether or not the coffee which bubbles so merrily above the flames will erupt all over the place, not a few Americans are warily eyeing the five-per-center probe in Washington. The possibilities are intriguing.

Maybe the fire will die a natural death before the investigation really gets hot. There's always the possibility that it's merely a tempest within the pot itself. And maybe someone, who doesn't find the fire interesting, will stop the investigation.

But the same factor which piques human curiosity in regard to the coffee pot over a campfire is what holds the attention of most observers. Perhaps the investigation will boil over and spew forth facts concerning the inner workings of government and government officials such as happened during the Harding administration.

To date, the revelations of the Senate Committee investigating the Capital's "influence industry" only hints of questionable rather than criminal activities.

President Truman's military aide, Major General Harry Vaughn, keeps popping into the limelight—along with James V. Hunt, an alleged five-per-center, and John Maragon, a man who is said to boast many friends in Washington's higher echelons.

The talk, so far, has been of deep-freezers given to top-ranking Administration leaders. A California angle was developed in regard to Tanforan race track. It seems that soon after the war, when the government regulators were supposed to be guarding scarce building materials for more worthy purposes, pressure was put on the housing expediter to grant Tanforan a building permit.

It also has been reported that Vaughn and Maragon intervened with the Agriculture Department to help a molasses company accused of violating a war food order.

If the "influence industry" investigators stop where things stand today, the tempest probably will subside. But if they find that the inquiry leads into the Administration—if it is shown

that members of the "official family" are dispensing favors for money, it could even mark the beginning of the end for Truman.

The American people know the facts of life. It is doubtful that anyone is going to object seriously to a few gifts given to government officials. For that practice isn't confined to government, it is as old as politics and business. But graft and corruption are other matters.

If skulduggery can be shown, voter retaliation will be swift and certain. Of that, official Washington can rest assured.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

To the Editor:

Up to now the various organizations in Lemon Grove have had freedom of incentive and action resulting in money making projects for community betterment, as for example: the churches for their material growth, the V. F. W. for their building improvement, the P. T. A. for its school and youth center activities, and the Lions Club for its recent "Powwow" to aid its welfare program. In the future will these organizations be compelled to receive permission from the newly appointed Civic Committee before giving their dances, card parties and street fairs? In any way this group can control door to door solicitations by unscrupulous people, more power to them, but, can it be a democratic action to expect to control financial activities in churches, clubs or the P. T. A.?

Signed: Beatrice L. Morse

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MAYOR McGUP . . . By J. Jarvis



Talks and Walks With Mother Nature

BY TRIXIE TREGANZA

Lemon Grove is a pretty little place! Indeed it is, Mr. Meadowlark, says Mother Nature that is why I have given you such a lovely voice—that you may sing it's praises. Only the spiritual evening hymn of the little Wood Thrush, that poets write about and the rippling moonlight serenade of the Nightingale, of which our English friends tell us, can compare with the purity, sweetness and heavenliness of your wonderful song that reflects the joy and happiness of California sunshine. How dreary the fields and meadows would be without your radiant song to gladden a heavy heart or the sorrowing soul of mortal man!

Even your coat is a golden petal dropped from the sun; and to make you blend into your surroundings, to make you look like the very grasses in the fields where you live. I have streaked it with buffy, and white and black and brown, and I have given you two outer tail feathers of white and decorated your breast with a medal of honor—a coal black crescent set in a ground of brilliant yellow. Your bill is long and sharp and your legs are long and strong. Your feet have claws for you must do much walking when following the plow as it turns the furrows in the field and orchard, ever searching for beetles and grubs and crickets and grasshoppers and insect eggs and larvae. To you and your cousins, the Orioles, Blackbirds, Bobolinks and that rascally Cowbird, I have assigned many tons of noxious pests to be devoured each year so that Farmer Brown and Farmer Smith will reap a bounteous harvest.

Mrs. Meadowlark is dressed in more subdued tones than her brilliant mate. She is a very domestic little creature and is always very busy attending her own affairs.

For birds are just like humans—some of them love to gossip and pry into other people's business. With raising several families during one season, and shedding and moulting, Mrs. Meadowlark leads a very strenuous life. Her nest she builds of meadow grasses, usually secreted in a sheltered clump, right on the open floor of the field, and always with a canopy over it. Sometimes she will turn and twist the grasses to form a long runway or tunnel leading to her home. She must resort to many devices to turn away hungry field mice or prowling snakes from the path of her hidden treasures of eggs or babies. She lays from three to eight pure white eggs finely speckled over the entire surface with brown and lavender markings.

All through the winter months, the Meadowlarks and many of their tourist friends continue their good work of gleaming in the fields and meadows—but they go about their work silent and serious. Only in the Springtime, when young Mr. Meadowlark's fancy turns to thoughts of courting, does he practice his scales and burst out in beautiful arpeggios of love.

LIST YOUR DATES

The "Dates Claimed" at the bottom of page 1 is for the benefit of organizations having special events, which they wish to announce. If all will co-operate in listing dates, it will save one date conflicting with another. No money can buy an ad. on this page but this service is free. Why not use it?

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Real Estate

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Licensed Broker
Specializing in Ranches, Groves,
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HORSEMEN'S ASS'N., Inc.
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EXPERIENCED GUIDANCE
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Sonka Urban Heights, \$1250 up
Best Residential. Protected Site.
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Homes when priced right
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Ask for my free street map.
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Real Estate

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REVIEW

WANT ADS

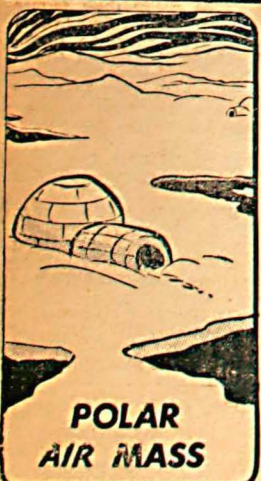
ARE OUTPULLINGEST

LITTLE FELLOWS

YOU EVER SAW

Just ask anybody who uses them

KNOW YOUR WEATHER



POLAR
AIR MASS

An air mass that originates over land or frozen ocean areas in the polar regions. This mass of air is very cold and when it moves down into the United States the weather reports state that a "cold front" is coming.

FARM NEWS

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SERVICE

FINISHING HAY IN STACK OR BARN

It is no longer necessary to make hay while the sun shines. Assistant Farm Advisor B. J. Hall of the University of California Agricultural Extension Service says farmers can make hay in poor hay making weather without staying awake nights worrying about spontaneous combustion.

In many parts of the State, hay making is difficult because of weather conditions. In coastal areas it is difficult almost any time of year. In the valleys farmers sometimes run into trouble in the spring, or in the fall with either the last or both cuttings.

A new method of tunneling the hay in the stack or mow allows it to dry without heating to the danger point. An open tunnel, made from a framework of posts and slats, is put through the center of the stack with vertical flues running up from it. The flues are formed by using wooden plugs one foot square and six feet long. As the hay piles up, the plugs are pulled up. The vertical flues are made at about eight foot intervals.

Hall says there are two of these vertical flue systems being used successfully in Humboldt County, two in Solano County, one in Napa County and a number of others are being designed for other points in the State.

START COVER-CROP ACTION NOW

Seed for that winter cover crop should be ordered in August, reminds J. J. Coony of the Farm Advisor's office. While supplies are not actually short this year there may be delay in filling orders of certain popular legumes.

Among the legumes used as cover crops are purple vetch at 25 to 30 pounds per acre and melilotus indica at 15 pounds. The mustards are non-legumes and may be seeded around six to 10 pounds per acre. Cereals are quite commonly used, either alone or mixed with legumes, offering quick protection from erosion. Cereals alone are seeded 50 to 60 pounds per acre, or about 10 to 15 pounds in combination with purple vetch.

Soil preparation and seeding may be scheduled for the late September or early October. Subsequent irrigations must be scheduled for bringing the crop along. On hillside plantings, the chief purpose of the winter cover crop is to have erosion protection established before heavy rains occur.

SPRINKLERS AFFECTED BY PRESSURE CHANGES

The discharge of sprinklers changes greatly with fluctuations in pressure. In some areas and installations marked variations in operating pressure occur, reports J. J. Coony, of the Farm Advisor's office.

The use of sprinklers for irrigation can be highly efficient. But, says Coony, where pressures fluctuate widely, and are not taken into consideration, the efficiency can be very low.

As an illustration, one type of underhead sprinkler with a 1/4 inch opening discharges 1.4 gallons per minute at 15 pounds pressure. At 30 pounds the same sprinkler will throw 1.9 G.P.M.; while 45 pounds put out 2.3 G.P.M.

Differences are more obvious where larger orifices are used. Many growers have 5/32 inch nozzles in the sprinkler mentioned above. Rates of discharge are 2.7, 3.8 and 4.7 gallons per minute at 15, 30 and 45 pounds respectively.

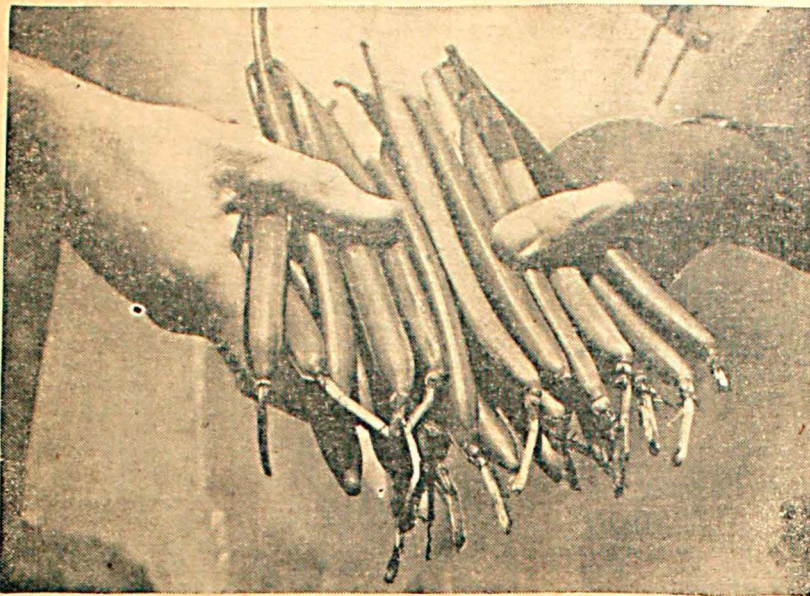
Pressure inequalities within an irrigation system can be compensated for by use of adjustable sprinkler heads or different size of orifice. Changes in pressure at the meter could be corrected by a pressure regulator or a gauge and valve assembly manually controlled to avoid very high pressures in the system.

LINDANE FOR BLACK WIDOWS

Lindane, the newly approved spray for flies in dairy barns, is also being recommended by the University of California Agricultural Extension Service as a control for black widow spiders.

F. W. Dorman, assistant farm advisor, says lindane may be used as a water suspension spray or as an emulsion. For a suspension spray he recommends one-half pound of 25 percent wettable lindane for each gallon of water. One gallon of this solution will cover 300 to 400 square feet of surface and protect it against spiders for over two months. For an emulsion spray, dilute an emulsion concentrate with water to a strength of one and one-half per-

VANILLA



A HANDFUL OF PRIME VANILLA BEANS which when cured are worth about \$8.00 a pound at present market prices. These beans were grown in Puerto Rico.

VANILLA—a lusty infant in Puerto Rico's family of agricultural crops—is beginning to howl for more attention as most infants will. Now grown in limited acreage, planters are beginning to devote more attention to vanilla beans as a potential "money crop" to implement Puerto Rico's largely agricultural economy.

Originally identified with Mexico where it was found in the 16th century, vanilla is grown largely in Madagascar and other French islands in Oceania and the Caribbean. The French possessions how-

ever, are still awaiting post-war adjustments in trade agreements with the United States which may materially affect their previous quotas of nearly a million pounds annually exported to the United States.

Mexico's volume which reached about 200,000 pounds in 1945, has been drastically reduced by blights and droughts.

While Puerto Rico urgently needs such a crop as vanilla to partially replace coffee or other crops that have been unprofitable in recent years, no one really expects that vanilla production will do more than provide a supplemental source

of income for Puerto Rico which depends largely on sugar, pineapple and tobacco.

While sugar is worth \$250 an acre and pineapple about \$600 an acre, vanilla is worth about \$100 an acre.

A member of the orchid family, the vanilla vine is a delicate and temperamental plant that demands conscientious attention and management. Rainfall of about 75 inches per year has been particularly conducive to Puerto Rico's growing success with vanilla which has been producing a crop the third year after planting.

cent. lindane. Even sprays with less lindane than the amounts recommended have been successful against black widows. As little as one ounce of 25 percent wettable lindane per gallon of water gives protection up to one month.

The black widow spider is often seen in California during the warm months. The adult female is the most easily recognized by the orange to red colored spot underneath, usually in the shape of an hourglass.

Black widows prefer dark protected places, such as dark corners of garages or outbuildings, basements, meter boxes or under sinks. Outside they like boxes, cans or piles of debris and lumber. One basic type of control is to clean up and destroy weeds, rubbish, dead grass, and clear the yard of rocks, tin cans and other debris. Keeping doors, windows and other openings tightly screened will keep them out of the house.

Affair Will Raise Money for Hospital

The need of an orthopedic hospital in San Diego County has long been felt, but with the increased load of polio and other cases in the county, its prompt erection is a civic must, according to Miss Mary Benson, head therapist for the Society for Crippled Children of San Diego County. To assist in the erection of the proposed 50-bed orthopedic hospital, the Society is sponsoring a gigantic Fraternal Day Parade, followed by a show, "Fraternal Follies," and a dance.

Entries for the gigantic parade are coming in daily, according to Jos. C. Kelley, general chairman for the First Annual Fraternal Day celebration to be staged at Mission Beach, September 24.

Invitations have been sent as far north as Los Angeles, and as far south as the Mexican border, for fraternal and other civic organizations to enter their bands, drill teams, costumed units and floats in the mile long parade on Ventura boulevard, starting at 2 p. m.

A public demonstration of drill work, folk dancing and band music will be given in the Mission Beach ballroom following the parade. In the evening a special showing of the Fraternal Follies will be presented, followed by an evening of dancing in the ballroom. The show will be high-

lighted with the appearance of Eddie Lyle, popular comic.

Neron Will Stay in Assembly Race

Edward J. Neron, who is a candidate for Assemblyman in the special election November 8 in this district, has issued the following open letter to the San Diego County Republican Central Committee:

"As a candidate for the office of Assemblyman from the 80th District and being a registered Republican, I want to acknowledge receiving your letter asking me to step aside in this campaign for Ralph Cloyd of Chula Vista.

"It is my desire at this time to point out a few facts on the matter of why I do not plan to step aside now or later. In the first place, since this is an open race, with no primary election, I feel that you have violated the very fundamental principle of California democracy and, that further, the central committee has acted in very poor taste and bad judgment in handpicking a candidate out of

an open field of good sound Republicans who are willing to make the race and that by your action you have, in my opinion, hurt the cause of good government rather than enhance it. Why not let the citizens of the 80th District decide whom they want for their candidate and assemblyman. You are, in fact, telling the people of the 80th District that although last year you voted for Mr. Howard Cramer instead of Mr. Cloyd let the voters of the 80th District this year you must vote for him because you say so! Therefore gentlemen, it is my intention to decide the issue on the basis of experience, qualifications and the willingness to serve the cause of good government.

"In closing, wish to state that I could not be true to my training, which I received in the Navy over past California State Commander of the V.F.W. and a leader in the farm groups, if I were not to carry on the wishes of the citizens of a period of many years and as a zens' committee who is backing in handpicking a candidate out of

For All Your Garden Needs

For Rent—Lawn Rollers, Seeders, Fertilizer Spreaders. 50c per day

Hunter's Nursery

3110 SWEETWATER ROAD

Lemon Grove

Phone H 6-3893

— Visitors Welcome —

KEEP

your story

TOLD

If there is one enterprise on earth that the quitter should leave alone, it is advertising. Advertising does not jerk . . . it pulls. It pulls gently at first but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power.—John Wanamaker.

It was John Wanamaker who once said he would never let the local newspaper go to press without his name in its advertising columns.

WHEEL ALIGNMENT

Complete Brake Service

—ALL WORK GUARANTEED—

Ray Lemke
Motors

H 6-9563 7220 Brdwy at Mass.

in this race, which started some six weeks ago."

LEMON GROVE LIBRARY

Regular hours are as follows:
Monday..... 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
Tuesday..... 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
Wednesday..... 2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
Thursday..... 11 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Friday..... 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
Saturday..... 2 P. M. to 7 P. M.

HOMELAND JUSTICE COURT

Jean Ratelle, Justice of the Peace

Sonka Bldg., Main Street

Lemon Grove

COURT HOURS

Mon. and Thurs. 7:00 p. m.

Sat. 10:00 a. m.

Clerk on duty daily from 1:00

to 2:00 p. m., except Sat. and Sun.

Place your ad. in the Review, the paper that is read in Lemon Grove.

TRY
THE REVIEW
PRINTING
DEPARTMENT
for that next job
of printing

We have the Know
how!

Subscriptions

to the

Lemon Grove Review

\$1.50 per year

Rudy Galindo, of Lemon Grove is taking subscriptions for the Review. Rudy is studying for the priesthood and is working his way through college. He merits your support.

Grand Opening

OPEN 24 HOURS

Temple's Complete FOOD SERVICE

4684 FEDERAL—47th and Federal

PLENTY OF FREE PARKING SPACE

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

TELEPHONE MAIN 4-2477

OPENING SPECIALS

Aug. 25, 26, 27, Fri.-Sat.-Sun.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Cold Watermelon 1 1-2c per lb.

Peaches for Canning 87c per lug

Tomatoes . . . 50c per lug

Cantaloupe . . . 5c each

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Fruit Jars

pts. 80c per doz

qts. 95c per doz.

1-2 pts. 80c doz.

Folger's Coffee

55c lb.

Tavern Coffee

45c lb.

Wellman Solid Pack Tuna

39c

Skippy Dog Food, 3/25c, 99c doz.

Dr. Ross Horse Meat 3 cans 39c

NEW MEAT DEPARTMENT AND DELICATESSEN

DELICATESSEN OPEN ON SUNDAYS

Roast Beef 49¢^{lb}

Wieners 35¢^{lb}

Streak o'lean

Sliced Bacon 33¢^{lb}

Short Ribs 23¢^{lb}

Boiling Beef 17¢^{lb}

Good Ground Beef 39¢^{lb}

Pickle Loaf 49¢^{lb}

Large Bologna 39¢^{lb}

Potato Salad

Macaroni Salad

Baked Beans

American

Sq. Cheese 49¢^{lb}

WHOLESALE CUTS BY ADVANCE NOTICE

LOOK

FREE FREE FREE
One Bottle of Yankee Doodle
Root Beer to Each Customer

About People You Know

Agnes Ferris Whitlock
Telephone H6-9314

Robert Curry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Curry, 8261 Golden avenue, was home from Ft. Ord over the week end.

John Kish, 7259 San Miguel, had a very unusual Monday. He went fishing and didn't catch a thing, not even a cold.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Baumgarten, with a large number of their neighbors on Mt. Vernon street, took in the Padre ball game Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Olsen of San Diego accompanied Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Olson, 2848 New Jersey street, to the Del Mar races on Monday.

Mrs. Vira Tupper of Oakland is spending the week with her on and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Tupper, 7569 Roosevelt street.

Miss Jean Marie Bice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bice, 7862 Nichols street, visited Lt. and Mrs. H. C. Howard, USN retired, of Coronado, last week.

Lloyd Belmer and family of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, recently were visitors for 10 days in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Belmer, 4150 Charles street, Vista La Mesa.

Bob Brown, New Jersey street, hit his fourth jack pot Tuesday on the Helen V, a sportfisher. This is the fourth straight time, too. E. H. Anderson was in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent Payne and children left Tuesday for Boys Hot Springs where they have purchased the Review, a weekly newspaper. They take possession September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meyerhoff of Spring Valley were guests at a home made ice cream party in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Loftin, 7561 Roosevelt street, Saturday evening.

Mr. E. L. Davis, 2124 Ensenada drive, is visiting in Springfield, Ill. She expects to be gone about three weeks. Mrs. Ruth White is caring for her sister's home during Mrs. Davis' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Adlfinger, of Lemon Grove Shopping Center, left by auto with their children Sunday morning for an extended visit with relatives in Chicago and other midwestern cities.

The many friends of Mrs. John Hill, of Hill's Jewelry Shop, will be happy to know that she is recuperating from her recent four-weeks' illness. However, she is still confined to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McQueen, of the Avalon Cafe, are on a two week's vacation trip. They have gone up through the Redwoods and will go on up into Oregon, fishing along the way, of course.

Taylor Made Ceramics is having a display at the Balboa Arts and Craft exhibit, which is being held from Thursday through Sunday. Customers and students' work will be on display at the Taylor table.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bice, 7862 Nichols street, entertained Capt. and Mrs. E. F. Barker and son, Danny, at dinner Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mike Laves of El Cajon, were their dinner guests on Sunday.

Miss Joan Baumgarten, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Baumgarten, 7402 Mt. Vernon street, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Turner in San Francisco for two weeks. She will be home in time to enter school.

Miss Jacquelyn De Mello of Le-moore has been the house guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Bettencourt, 2257 Cypress avenue, for the past three weeks. Mrs. Bettencourt is expecting additional guests next

week—her sister, Mrs. John De-Mello and son Rush, and her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel De Sousa.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Frank Greenlee, 8429 Golden avenue and Mrs. Edward Cavallin, 7551 Church street, took their children to Balboa swimming pool. After swimming they enjoyed a picnic dinner in the park.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Woodburn, of Culver City, were the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Beidleman, 8240 Alton drive. On Sunday the Beidlemans and their company attended a performance of the Red Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Snyder of Glendale visited with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Snyder 7654 Central avenue from Thursday until Monday. They helped in the Radio Shop during the Powow.

Mr. and Mrs. James Casey and family, of Chicago, spent last week in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jagers, 1771 Dupont drive. The Caseys are on their first vacation trip in California and are delighted with the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berry and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lilley of Eureka, Kans., are guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dean, 1666 Dupont drive, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian St. Clair were additional dinner guests Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Willis Richardson was hostess to a sewing party of Theta Omicron Chapter, Beta Sigma Phi, in her home, 1907 Skyline drive Thursday evening. The group finished a sewing assignment for the Red Cross. The hostess served refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beistline and family attended a beach party at Oceanside Pier Tuesday afternoon, being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jenkins of that place. The two families became acquainted while attending the Palomar family camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beistline and sons, Charles and Lee, 7507 Central avenue, have returned from their Palomar vacation trip. There was good fishing, all kinds of activities for the children, square dancing and ball games for the adults. They met a lot of nice people and had a grand time.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Robinson of Encanto were the recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dean, 1666 Dupont drive. The Robinsons formerly lived in the Grove before moving to Delano two years ago. They bought their home in Encanto upon returning from a three months' vacation in Michigan and points East.

Mrs. W. E. Taylor of Taylor Made Ceramics, drove over to Coronado, Sunday, with a group of the local ceramists to view an exhibit of Mrs. Frank Martin's work. Mrs. Martin specializes in figurines and had a lovely exhibit. The hostess served refreshments. In the party were Mesdames W. R. Duley, Tony Trepina, Ted Rader, Ressie Lawrence, 'Doc' Jones, D. E. Dale, Jack Nor, Kiegh Hall and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ferguson.

NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

Mrs. Milton Day, 2135 Washington avenue, opened her home on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Mary Guy, district field director, gave a talk and showed charts on the Girl Scout organization. Mrs. John Kish reported on the meeting of July 21.

New By-Laws for the Club were discussed and approved. It was also decided that the Girl Scouts will sell Christmas cards this fall.

Others attending the meeting were Miss Dodie West and Mesdames G. L. Lewis, C. F. Baxter, Jeanne Smith, Guy Winton, I. B. Burkett, Francis Morgan, H. M. Fisher, Olive Hodapp, Robert Bennett, Edith Reames and G. L. Dickerhoff.

SPRING VALLEY

SPRING VALLEY IN AUGUST

August 25—Economy Shop.
August 28—Church Services.
August 29—Economy Shop.
August 29—Pals and Gals.
August 30—Red Cross.

Girl Scout troop 136 of Spring Valley met in the home of Mrs. E. K. Hatch, San Juan avenue, Casa De Ora, Monday morning. This is a new intermediate group of 14 girls. At present they are working for their second badges. The troop is to be invested this week. They have what they call a cookie Can, which is given to a different Scout each week, to fill with her own home made cookies. This makes the refreshments for the meetings and also gives the girls a chance to exchange recipes.

There is to be a Girl Scout Family picnic, Saturday, September 10, in El Monte Park. Everyone is to bring a basket dinner. There will be recreation for all.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Caldwell, Helix, Spring Valley, have returned from a nine-day vacation in the mountains. They did a lot of hiking and enjoyed nature's handiwork in general. They had a marvelous time and were sorry their vacation could not be longer.

Mrs. Robert E. Townson and twin sons, Lynn and Lloyd, of Spring drive, Spring Valley, have returned from a six weeks' vacation in Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bentley and family, La Mar street, had a three day vacation in Los Angeles recently. They visited relatives and on the way home paid visit to Knotts Berry Farm, which proved very interesting. They wish to return soon as they could not see all of the Farm in one day.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

The Lemon Grove Scouts and Brownies were each awarded special award blue ribbons for their marching in the Grand parade at the Powow, Friday evening. A blue ribbon was also awarded each group for dress appearance and order of marching in Saturday's Kiddie Parade. The marching and the uniforms of the leaders also won a blue ribbon.

Mrs. Ettel Martin will conduct classes in Arts and Crafts for Girl Scout leaders and mothers in the near future. For further information call Mrs. G. L. Dickerhoff, H6-5430.

Church

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, CATHOLIC CHURCH

Fr. J. W. McDonough, Pastor
Fr. Patrick Reilly, assistant
Telephone H6-3914

Sunday Masses at 6:00, 7:00, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30
Holiday Masses at 6:00, 7:00, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.

Confessions heard on Saturday 4:00 to 5:30 and 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.

VISTA LA MESA CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Corner of University and Massachusetts.

Russell Hensley, Minister
Sunday School meets at 9:30 Sunday School for children under sixth grade.

9:30 Youth Worship Service for sixth grade through high school.
10:45 Sunday School for sixth grade through high school age group.

11:00 a.m. Morning Worship.
7:30 Evening Service

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Corner of Central Ave and School Lane.

Rev. J. Morris Mulkey, Pastor
H6-0340

Sunday School, 9:30 a.m.
Morning worship, 10:50 a.m.
Training Union, 6:45 p.m.
Evening worship, 8:00 p.m.

The pastor's sermon theme on Sunday will be "A True Worshiper."

Bible study and prayer fellowship will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Dues, 1732

Englewood drive at 8 p.m.

Men of the Brotherhood will have their monthly dinner meeting Monday night in the old church.

There will be a teachers' meeting and prayer service on August 31.

LEMON GROVE LUTHERAN CHURCH

2880 South Main St.
Lemon Grove, California.
P. N. Oklevik, Pastor
Junior Services and
Sunday School 9:30
Morning Worship 10:45
Everybody welcome

SEVENTH - DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

Main at Bunnell
Lemon Grove, Calif.
Charles H. Betz, Minister
9:30 a.m. Saturday, Church School.
Under the direction of Mrs. A. C. Jacobson.
11:00 a.m. Morning Worship

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Corner of Main and Church Sts.
Dan Apra, Pastor
Telephone—Homeland 6-8758
Sunday, August 23, 1949

9:30—Worship service,
9:30—Church school,
9:50—Classes for Primary Dept. through Adult.

11:00—Worship service.

7:30 to 10:00 p.m.—Pilgrim Fellowship.
7:30—Evening Worship service.

The pastor's sermon theme for Sunday morning will be "Judge Not."
Wm. Arthur Thomas, Church School Superintendent.
Martha Thomas, organist.
Spencer McKern, choir director for first service.

DeWitt Mytinger, choir director for second service.

Choir Practice
Tuesdays—Sr. Choir, first service, 7 to 9 p.m.

Wednesdays—Jr. Choir, 2 p.m.
Thursdays—Sr. Choir, second service, 7:30 to 9 p.m.

Thursdays, August 18—Missionary Society, 2 p.m.

On next Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Youth Night will be held in Friendship Hall. Attendance at the First Congregational Church is not a pre-requisite. Boys of high school and college age are invited to enjoy volley ball, ping pong, shuffle board and more

quiet games.

On Friday, September 2, the Ladies Aid will have a pot luck luncheon and business meeting in Friendship Hall.

A family picnic will be held on Silver Strand between Coronado and Palm City at 1 p.m. Sunday. There will be markers on the hi-way directing traffic coming either way. All families of the church are invited to come as a family group and bring their friends. The picnic will be in a sheltered cove on the bay side, however, the life guard has advised against swimming off the strand because of rip tides so we advise that no one come with the intention of swimming. There will be games, songs, free boat rides for all children, etc.

CHRISTIAN LUTHERAN CHURCH

"The Church of the Lutheran Hour"
Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall
Rev. F. Lindenmyr, Pastor
Phone: Talbot 0205
Morning Worship: 9:00 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:15 a.m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, LA MESA

8258 Allison Ave., at Palm St.
Sunday School, 9:30 a.m.
Church Services, 11 a.m.
Wednesday eve. service at 8.
Reading room in church building open daily, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., except Sundays and holidays.

Protect Their Feet

Children's shoes do take a lot of punishment. Bring them here for expert rebuilding and repairing. We know you'll be pleased with our work and reasonable prices.

RELLA'S SHOE SHOP

7850 Broadway Across from Piggly Wiggly

Expert Operators

specializing in

Hair Shaping, Styling, Tinting Breck Scalp Treatment

Machineless and Cold Wave Permanents
Facials a Specialty

Let us help you get your girls ready for school. Give them a DEBUE CURL to start the school year right.

Billy Jean's Lemon Grove Beauty Shop

3311 Imperial Ave. Homeland 6-5274

Dear Reader:

It is with deepest regret that I have to say that the deal's off. Certain competitors came crying on my shoulder to please not cut the prices on Dry Cleaning as it would put them out of business if they followed suit. And they would certainly have to follow suit if I did not raise the prices back to normal.

So me being a guy that wants to be a likeable guy, I conceded to their wishes.

All I wanted in the first place was to get more business and show YOU, the public, what a real job of Cleaning was, and the only way to get fast results was to lower the boom a little, but maybe I was wrong in so doing.

So now here I am right back where I started from.

How about giving each of us a little more business? When I say Us I mean the Cleaners here in Lemon Grove. You have three of the finest Cleaners right here in your community. At least lets keep the business here at home. Home owned, home operated, and home employees. Does that mean anything to you? Not only Dry Cleaning, but shop around a little, you might be surprised at what you can buy right here in Lemon Grove and Monterey Heights. If you want us to grow and be known you will have to support your local merchants.

So lets go!

Thanks a lot, folks,
ART WALKER.

Monterey Cleaners and Laundry

Remember, Well Pressed is Well Dressed
3504 Main St., Lemon Grove
1807 Englewood, Monterey Heights

BACK TO SCHOOL TOGS

Carol-Ann Shop

DRESSES BLOUSES SWEATERS

Half Sizes and Large Sizes

3321 IMPERIAL AVE. LEMON GROVE

Special Introductory Offer

Free Permanent!!

with each haircut, shampoo and fingerwave

limited time

Other permanents from \$3.50 up

Art-Nor Beauty Salon

8415 DEXTER DRIVE

Homeland 6-8177

41 Ford Super Deluxe

Two Door Sedan
radio and heater

\$645.00

Dick Caldwell's
Used Car Lot
Broadway at Imperial

ADVERTISE

In the Lemon Grove Review
the newspaper with the fastest
growing circulation in San Diego
County.

Iona Club Has Gymkhana

The Iona Horse Club held its first Gymkhana at Lane's Ranch in Encanto. This affair gave a good demonstration of what the horse lovers of the community. The club members donated the refreshments were sold so that the proceeds paid for the flags which were presented that night.

There were nine events: In the trail horse class, George Carrell won first; the musical barrel for children under 16 was won by Barbara Perry, Ronnie Cleaver, second and Pat McNeely, third. Th Bending Race was won by Dick Nare; musical barrels for adults by George Carrell. Special event for children under 12 went to Barbara Perry. Frank Fischel took first in the stake race with Sally Clifford, a close second. Carl Wilson and Bud Nelson sped in to win first in ride and pick up. George Carrell took the bag race. The calf roping was really something. All of the calves didn't want to be roped, but Carl Wilson got his. Watch for the next date and be there to see some great improvement.

The club presented its colors at the Walter Church All Pinto Horse Show, all riders riding their mounts from Encanto to El Cajon. Bob Gebheim rode his Palomino Spot, Helen Peterson rode Lucky sired by Expoe, Virginia Parker on Patches, Sally Clifford on Trigger and Gene Haskins on Cheeta. They made a nice showing and took a special award ribbon for Color Guards in the Grand Entry.

Spectators at the Lemon Grove Powow parade were thrilled over the mass group of flags and horses entered by the Iona Club—36 in all. Carrying the Nation's colors were Bob Gebheim, president; Helen Peterson, Gene Bundy, Frank Fischel, Bill Morrison. Directly behind were the club riders all carrying the flags and colors of the United Nations. It was very colorful and a credit to this new club. They took three awards—first for color guards, first for largest organized group and a special award.

A membership drive is being made and all horsemen are cordially invited to join the club. There will be a meeting Friday night at Lee Lane's Ranch.

La Fresa Church Serves Valley

Continued from page 1
Ground-breaking ceremonies were held on March 13, with several prominent ministers present.

On April 1, the actual work began. All has been done by members and friends, with the exception of the floor which was finished with hired labor.

The pastor, who at present is out of work, and his helper, Mr. Moses, come out and work on the building every day. Mr. Moses is the proprietor of a store in San Diego, which his wife runs while he does his good deeds.

These two men, with the help of the men and women of the congregation, are building a fine house of worship. At present only the main sanctuary will be finished, but these ardent people hope soon to be able to build an addition.

This church is non-denominational and is completely on its own. The church is being built free of debt through the labor so generously supplied by the people.

A surprise donation was given by people in the valley so there is now enough to finish the ceiling. There are still many things needed such as a piano or organ, a metal ball for the steeple, pews, and a bell. Most any kind of a bell will do, such as an old discarded ship's bell.

As one of the members stated: "It is a joy to go to church where everyone is one big family." It is quite customary for some one in the group to ask the entire congregation over after church for coffee and dessert.

This little group of courageous and stout hearted people live in the south end of Spring Valley, near the La Presa Airport. The church is on Jamacha road about three and one-half blocks from the Sweetwater intersection. Drive by and see what a handful of people with a vision can do when they work together.

Mrs. Emil Caldwell, H6-1562 will be glad to receive calls giving information of where and how the articles needed for the church may be obtained.

Building Permits

Ernest Blase, dwelling, 1840 El Dora, 970 sq. ft., \$5200.
H. Griffin, dwelling, 1985 Noble, 1042 sq. ft., \$6200.
Phyllis M. Foran, dwelling, 7676 Madison, 1298 q. ft., \$7400.
William D. Young, dwelling, 7425 Roosevelt, \$6896.

SHORT STORY

The Lucky Prize

By MARION WALLS

FRED slapped the water from his hat, carefully removed his rubbers before stepping inside on the immaculate floor. It was good to be home, to be facing a relaxed evening while the storm lashed the outside world.

"Allie?" he called. The muffled reply sounded like: "where else would I be, but in the kitchen?"

Pushing open the door, Fred sniffed appreciatively and kissed his wife. "Apple pie! Hmmm. The boys home yet?" he inquired, glancing at the headlines.

"Ralph is. But Jack won't be home—they're having some kind of banquet at school."

Allie observed: "It's too bad they have such a bad night for the bingo party."

"Hmmm . . ." The pie smelled delicious. . . . Apprehension gripped him. "What bingo party?"

Ralph barged in and his mother gave the boy an amused glance. "Your father has the queerest memory. If it were a wrestling match or a ball game—" Looking at Fred: "The bingo party I bought the tickets for last Monday. We have to go tonight."

He hedged. "Why do we have to go? You bought the tickets, that was the main thing they were interested in."

"But I like to play!" she insisted. "They have the grandest prizes—and you know how lucky I am!"

Thinking of the warmth, the unread magazines, Fred reflected unhappily that Allie might be lucky, but he most certainly was not.

For Fred it was a particularly dull evening. He got no pleasure at all from pushing little wooden squares around on a piece of cardboard, and certainly no material gain came his way. Empty-handed, after two hours of tiresome effort, he looked across the room to find Allie triumphantly gathering up a set of glass ash trays and a string of plastic measuring spoons.

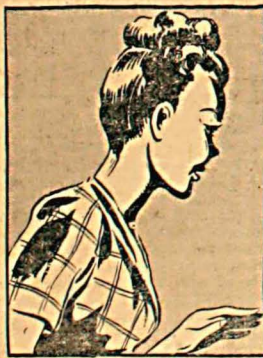
"I told you I was lucky!" she crowed, ignoring Mrs. Deerfield who was struggling past her with a set of glass crystal boudoir lamps.

ALLIE chattered happily all the way home; the rain had stopped and a half moon was struggling to come through the clouds. "Of course, we had plenty of ash trays, but they'll save me the expense of buying something the next time I entertain the club."

As they rolled into the drive Fred saw people standing on their porch.

"Gosh—Allie—look! Do you suppose there's been a fire?" He slammed on the brakes.

"Oh, Mrs. Jernison!" That was Mrs. Haggerty who lived next door. "Oh—if you'd been home!"



Apprehension gripped him.

"What happened? Is it—the—is it the boys?" began Allie fearfully.

"It's the phone! The Lucky Number program! They called your number and if you'd been home they were going to give you a thousand dollars! I beat on your door, thinking maybe you didn't hear—"

"No," said Allie, slowly. "We weren't at home tonight."

With head high, she marched past into the house.

Fred put away the car. A thousand dollars, just for staying at home, being comfortable! Going in the house, he didn't bother to wipe his feet. Allie was in the living room, the prizes nowhere in sight.

"Luck always hits twice," she said loudly. "Even lightning hits twice in the same place sometimes. Why, some people say what happens once will happen three times. . . you can't tell, can you, Fred?"

"Nope," he grunted, easing out of his shoes.

Allie leaned forward eagerly. "We'll stay home every night—maybe they'll call again—they could do it, couldn't they, Fred?"

He thought of the happy evenings at home which now confronted him. "Why sure they could!" he agreed.

Sponsor "National Kids' Day"



Underprivileged children in more than 3,000 U. S. and Canadian communities will receive assistance from a far-reaching program of youth welfare announced this week by, left to right, J. Hugh Jackson, Stanford, Calif., president of Kiwanis International; Charles Pettijohn, Hollywood, executive secretary of the National Kids' Day Foundation, and J. Belmont Mosser, St. Marys, Pa., immediate past president of Kiwanis International.

Jackson, in announcing the cooperative effort, said "the problems of underprivileged children are the problems of the entire nation, but their solution depends upon local action. There are more than 3,000 Kiwanis clubs which are geared for participation in the program."

Focal point of the campaign will be the observance of an annual "National Kids' Day," the first to be held Saturday, Nov. 19, when each community will be asked to enlist the support of its citizens in meeting the problems of local youth.

National Kids' Day sponsors emphasized that it will not be celebrated as a holiday or used as a gift-giving occasion. "Observance of this day," Jackson said, "is a means of rallying the forces of each community toward solving local juvenile problems. We hope to raise funds to carry on a year-round program of youth activity in cities and towns in the U. S. and Canada. Money raised locally will be spent in the same community for the benefit of children."

heartily. Again: "Sure it could happen again!"

He reached for a magazine, leaned back. He didn't know when a thousand dollars he hadn't gotten had ever bought as much.

Released by WNU Features.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Honoring her niece, Glendine Bailey, on her eighth birthday anniversary, Mrs. Joseph Fontana 3505 King street, presided at a gaily appointed party at her home recently. Glendine received many lovely gifts, some of them coming from relatives in Europe. Seventeen friends enjoyed the games in the garden, and the refreshments, a feature of which was a beautifully decorated birthday cake. Invited were Mary Mellow, John and Wallace Mallow, Susan and Fred De Kruse, Dalene Hamilton, Vari and Richard Locke, Diane and Halley Grand, Charles Bailey, Duane Bailey, Pamela Amundson and Jacquelyn Woodard.

IOWA STATE ALUMNI

The Iowa State College Alumni group held its summer meeting Sunday at Windmill House, home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hughes, on Rancho Los Cochis, five miles east of El Cajon. A feature of the meeting was a wire recording

made by the Alumni secretary and the college music department. They presented a 40-minute program of men's voices in many college songs.

A picnic dinner was eaten in the Shady Creek bed and games were played. There were approximately 70 persons present, many from Lemon Grove, the Spring Valley area and some from as far away as Brawley.

Dale Beck of Spring Valley is secretary of the San Diego group.

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Rudy Galindo, of Lemon Grove is taking subscriptions for the Review. Rudy is studying for the priesthood and is working his way through college. He merits your support.

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TOLD

If there is one enterprise on earth that the quitter should leave alone, it is advertising. Advertising does not jerk . . . it pulls. It pulls gently at first but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power.—John Wanamaker.

It was John Wanamaker who once said he would never let the local newspaper go to press without his name in its advertising columns.

SHORT STORY

Nancy, Don't Fret

By ELLIS K. BALDWIN

I HAD just put little Caroline to bed, hoping she'd sleep through until morning when shuffling down the sidewalk came Gus Olsen. I saw him before my young doctor-husband did. Gus was the first half of a patent medicine testimonial before the great transformation. His face resembled a cathedral gargyle. His stomach ailment was known all over town, still he swore he would never go to a doctor. "Not one of them would be able to help me," he boasted.

When Gus retired from the railroad he took up his post on his porch, hailing every passerby to discuss his symptoms.

Panicky, I realized if Charlie should prescribe something that didn't cure, Gus with his porch lectures would spoil the doctor's chances for building a practice.

"Charlie," I said breathlessly "I'll tell him you have an emergency. Go out and hitch up Dinah." I'd

stopped counting the times Charlie harnessed the horse to roll out of the yard like he was headed for a fire. "It's exciting for the neighborhood kids," Charlie would chuckle. It didn't mean a thing. The doctor was just putting on an act. Half an hour later you'd hear the crunch of the wheels on the driveway.

Charlie was saying, "I'm fed up with whirling dervish rides. Besides, the neighbors are starting to wonder where I go."

GUS was walking slowly, hunched over, hand on his stomach. I found myself clinging to Charlie's hand like a drowning woman.

"Let go of me, darling," the doctor said almost angrily. "I must greet our new patient."

I whispered desperately, "Darling, you just can't face this old gossip."

Suddenly the doctor was calling out, "Good evening, Mr. Olsen. Won't you come in?"

It took Gus a long time to tell his story. I heard the doctor clear his throat a number of times while he let Gus recite his history. Then Charlie began using those long technical terms he'd been boning up on these nights when he held office hours and no one came in. "All of a sudden, I heard Gus shout angrily, 'Listen here, Doc, you can't tell me that.' Goose pimples popped out on my arms. Charlie couldn't afford to get Gus down on him.

Then Charlie's voice droned on seemingly unperturbed by Gus' shouting. "From where I sat I couldn't make out what he was saying. It seemed hours before the office door swung open.

"You're kind of young," Gus was



"You've got me flabbergasted," Gus said.

to have helped me. Figured you telling the doctor. "Nothing seems couldn't put me through any more agony but what you've just said has got me flabbergasted."

Gus moved off into the night. The doctor didn't say anything. I stood it as long as I could. "Charlie, what did you give him?"

"It's a tough case," the doctor grunted, employing the deep bass notes he was learning to use.

"Absolutely nothing. If you must know, I told him he was a hypochondriac. Told him there was absolutely nothing wrong with him but if he didn't stop glutting himself with all these patent medicines he shortly would turn into a medicine bottle."

BUT all that was years ago. Now the impatient honking of a motor horn brought me tobogganing back down the years. Out at the curb was Caroline, a grown woman now, ready to drive her father down to his office in the medical building. The office would be jammed because Gus Olsen, rocking steadily on his porch during the years, repeated proudly again and again to his passing friends, "I'm a hypochondriac, yes

sir, a hypochondriac."

Invariably he'd add, "If you got any bad symptoms and you want to know quickly what they are, there's a young doctor down the street..."

Released by WNU Features.

SHORT STORY

Tale Of A Mouse

By M. J. COLLINS

STAN JACKSON owned the service station beside the pine grove a few miles outside the town. It was a good location and Stan made a fair living. He was a happy-go-lucky sort and everyone liked him, but he had one great fault. He loved to talk. Once he got started it was hard to head him off. Mice were his pet subject at that moment, and he claimed if everyone started to catch them systematically, the country would be saved a million every year.

This was Saturday and he'd been busy all day, and so had the cash register.

"What's going on now?" Highway Patrolman Clancy asked as he stepped in. Stan looked up the corner where he was bent over fixing something. "I'm trying to

catch a mouse," he answered, "and having a time of it, too."

"Trying to save a million dollars, I'll bet," Clancy laughed.

"Listen, Stan," Clancy turned serious. "There've been a lot of service stations robbed lately. Don't leave too much cash around."

"Oh, they'd never bother with a place like this," Stan's mind wasn't on Clancy's warning. "Now if I could only catch that mouse," Clancy fled.

The next few hours were busy ones for Stan. The farmers, in town for the evening, were his main customers, but now they were gone and he could close.

Hardly had he settled down when there was a "snap."

"Ah," he cried. "I've got you this time!" Jumping to his feet, he rushed back to the corner. He pushed the box aside, but the mouse was gone, and so was the cheese. Perplexed, Stan scratched his head. This mouse had put it over him for almost a week.

"I'll get you yet!" he muttered shaking a fist.

THE CAR grinding to a stop woke him up. Hardly before he was out of the chair, the door opened and a man stepped in.

"Good evening," Stan said.

The man looked hard and grim. "Stand where you are!" The voice sent chills up and down Stan's spine. "Put up your hands."

An automatic's snout was pointed where Stan had always considered his heart was. Right now it was pounding in his mouth. His hands shot up with all possible speed. A flashy girl came in and stood beside the man.

"Wise guy," the man sneered.

"Yeah, wise guy," the girl said. Stan's eyes stole toward the cash register. There was almost \$200 in it.

If Clancy were only here, Stan's ears were straining for the sound of the motorcycle.

"Here," the man said curtly, "hold the gun on him." She took



The man looked hard and grim.

it while he emptied the register. The sight of his vanishing money made Stan see red.

"Don't try it, sap!" the woman said coldly, motioning him back.

A pair of small, beady eyes stared out of a hole in the wall. The mouse started to run across the floor. The girl screamed and, dropping the gun scrambled up on a chair.

Cursing, the man turned. All the fury in Stan's fist crashed into his face. He went crashing into the wall and slumped.

In the excitement the sound of the motorcycle had gone unnoticed. Clancy stepped inside, surveyed the scene and quietly asked, "What goes on?"

Stan sighed with relief. "You're just in time."

"I think so," Clancy said, dryly, taking the gun out of the shaking hand. "This might go off and dam-

age someone... even you."

After the two had been taken away, Stan served Clancy coffee in the rear. Clancy asked, "How did you get the drop on them?"

"Well," Stan replied, "he handed the gun to the girl. Mi-gosh, wait!" he cried, rushing out front. In a few seconds he was back. "Look at this," he cried, holding up the trap. The mouse was pinned by the tail.

"Ah! Success!" Clancy chuckled. "The mouse proved my argument," Stan beamed. "It saved the country \$200."

Released by WNU Features.

Represented On Co-Ordinating Council

Regular meeting times of Organizations, per their representative of the Co-ordinating Council.

Vista La Mesa Civic League, 4th Tuesday of each month, 8:00 p.m.

Vista La Mesa Women's Club, 2nd Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p.m.

Lemon Grove Business Men, every Tuesday, 6:45 a.m.

Lemon Grove Business Women, 1st and 3rd Thursday 12:30 p.m.

Senior Forward Club, 2nd and 4th Friday, 2:00 p.m.

V. F. W. 2nd and 4th Tuesday, 8:00 p.m.

Lemon Grove School, 2nd Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.

Lemon Grove P.T.A., 3rd Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

Parents Guild, Thursday before first Friday, 1:00 p.m.

Congregational Church Cabinet, 3rd Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.

Baptist Church Board, 1st Wednesday of every month after first Monday.

Girl Scouts, 3rd Monday each month, 7:30 p.m.

Campfire Girls, 2nd Thursday each month, 1:30 p.m.

Y's Men, 2nd and 4th Wednesday, 6:30 p.m.

Beta Sigma Phi, 2nd Monday and 4th Thursday, 8:00 p.m.

Cub Scouts, 1st Tuesday, 8:00 p.m.

Vista La Mesa P.T.A., 4th Friday, 7:30 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT AND BROWNIE CALENDAR

Girl Scouts

9:00 a.m. Wednesday, Troop 32, school cafeteria, Mrs. Phillips.

4:00 p.m. Wednesday, 7528 San Miguel, eighth grade, Lemon Grove area.

2:30 p.m. Wednesday, Vista La Mesa Church, seventh grade, Vista La Mesa area.

2:00 p.m. Friday, Vista La Mesa Church, fifth and sixth grades, Vista La Mesa area.

10:30 a.m. Tuesday, Congregational Church fifth and sixth grades, Lemon Grove area.

2:00 p.m. Wednesday, 1594 Drexel Drive, fifth and sixth grades, Monterey Heights area.

2:00 p.m. Tuesday, 7933 Lansing Drive, sixth grade Monterey Heights area.

2:00 p.m. Tuesday, Troop 307, 7039 Nichols, Monterey Heights, Mrs. R. M. Atkins.

10:00 a.m. Tuesday, 7933 Lansing Drive, seventh grade, Monterey Heights area.

After school Tuesday St. John of the Cross school, fifth and sixth grades.

2:00 p.m. Tuesday, second class Girl Scouts will meet with Mrs. Lewis.

BLUEBIRD AND CAMPFIRE GIRLS CALENDAR

Blue Birds

10:30 Monday, Congregational Church, Happy Hour group.

12:15 Monday, Congregational Church, Sunkist group.

2:00 p.m. Monday, 1730 Dupont, Monterey Heights, Skyline group.

Camp Fire Girls

3:30 Monday, Mrs. Porter's home on Church Street, Ot-Yo-Kiva.

7:00 Tuesday O Ki Hi Home of Mrs. Myra Sonka.

3:30 Monday Congregational Church O-Kin-Ya-Sen.

3:30 Monday, Congregational Church, Idaho.

4:00 p.m. Mondays, Mrs. R. E. Nelson's group, 1370 Skyline, Monterey Heights.

Leaders monthly meetings come on the second Thursday of each month, 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., at the First Congregational Church.

LEMON GROVE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Ted Haaf, President

Phone H 6-3568

Andy T. Benson, Secretary

Phone H 6-1125

SHORT STORY

Bingo -- The Winner

By LOUIS CUNNINGHAM

ROCKY FELL, alias Phelan, alias Finn, turned the green coupe in at the sign that said "Meals—Overnight Cabins—Home Cooking." This out-of-the-way tourist camp, deep in Canada's New Brunswick, looked like a natural for Rocky, wanted in a dozen states, with \$5,000 for the one who turned him in. Fat chance! They probably were still looking for a blue sedan with Illinois plates.

This number, for instance, came from Arizona. The old bird who owned it never would squawk. A guy was a sucker on a lonely road to offer a stranger a lift.

"You're a pal, mister," said Rocky. He stuck a gun in the old boy's ribs. "Drive down the side road and behave yourself and everything will be lovely." The man, his face gray-green, drove

down a narrow track and at the end was an abandoned quarry with lots of water. Rocky drove the coupe back alone. He had the money and passport. He was Phillip Sumpter.

It was easy for Rocky to forget him and a dozen like him. He was looking forward to some home-cooking and a soft bed. He turned the corner of the drive and saw a white house with many gables—Robin's Nest. Sure looked comfy. Cabins here and there among the willows.

"Oh-oh!" A scarlet tunic was talking to an old lady in blue gingham on the steps. Rocky felt the gun under his armpit. Nothing to worry about.

When Rocky stopped the car, the old lady came briskly down. The Mountie went into the house. "Good day, sir. Welcome. I'm the proprietress—one of them. Miss Abby Stubbs. My sister Rachel and I run Robin's Nest. You'd like dinner, a cabin—"

"Sure," grinned Rocky. "Sure Miss Abby—I want the works. Chicken and hot biscuits and coffee—"

"Very good sir. Here's the key of No. 4, the cabin by the pond. Dinner will be ready when you are, Mr.—"

"Sumter—P. H. Sumter." Rocky's gray eyes never left the smiling old blue ones.

"We're so glad to have you, Mr. Sumter. You have no idea," Miss Abby actually dimpled.

"Well," said Rocky. Just the same, after he had washed up he did not go directly to the front but strolled around to the rear.

"I SAW him first," Dear, Sweet old Miss Abby's voice. "I spoke to him first. It's the money car—it's the one that pays."

"Abby Stubbs! I noticed first I swear I did. You never even got

him to register. That's what you were supposed to do."

"You're trying to cheat me. I know you, Rachel."

"We'll call it a tie. We'll split the money—" Harpies—both of them! Rocky straightened up.

"I have the proof," crowed Miss Abby. "I was talking to Corporal Renault. He stopped for dinner. I told him, and he's waiting and when Mr. Sumter comes in—Well, I'm not going to wait; I'm going to get the corporal now."

That was why Rocky pulled the gun on Corporal Renault when they met at the corner of the house. "Not so easy, copper," Rocky snarled, and stared at the two trembling old sisters behind the Mountie's broad back. "Those old dames can fight some more over the \$5,000 prize I'm not caught yet. Damn you—"

That Mountie was a funny cop. He didn't look boyish any more, though he still was smiling. And he didn't back up. He kept right on coming. The gun roared but its muzzle was knocked up and a fist caught Rocky in the middle. He was still on the lawn when he came to and there was a familiar fee about his wrists. Bracelets.

"Well, it's a pinch, I guess," said Rocky. "I—anyway, those old witches will be to split the dough with you, copper."

Miss Abby and Miss Rachel, said the Mountie, "had a little pool. The put a dollar in it for every car with a different state license-plate. They



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me, Eddie. I don't include you among those kind of people any more—But, if I was, I'd never trust a blonde. They spill too easy." His bewilderment increased. "Put a little pressure on them and they squawk. Tell them, for instance, that a guy that's just picked them up and is giving them a big play belongs to another woman, a swell looking brunette like—well, like Rose—and they sing. Baby, do they sing!"

"You're a liar, Dietrich," Eddie barked—and caught himself.

"Why, no I ain't Eddie," Dietrich looked surprised. "I'm telling you. That's the way it always is and that's the way it was in this case. A blonde broke it. Get your hat, Eddie. We're going to headquarters. You got a rod on you? Stand up a minute." Dietrich frisked him.

Headquarters! And Rose was sending Makowitz, the lawyer, to the West Forty-seventh Street Station. It would be hours before Makowitz would find him. Not that it made any difference now. Lana had squealed. The lousy—if he could get her neck between his hands—But this wasn't the time to think of things like that. The cops had it on him. It was a murder rap. And it was cold. With Lana's testimony against him, he could never beat it!

His face was no longer still. It twitched despite all his efforts. He licked his lips as he reached for his hat. He feverishly refused Dietrich's courteous offer to wait until he had finished his beer. They went out together, casually, and Dietrich called a cab. On the way down, Eddie's mind raced from chance to chance like a rat in a trap. As they drew up before headquarters, it was made up. If Lana was there, he would know Dietrich wasn't lying.

She was. She was sitting in a chair just outside a door marked, "Detective Bureau." She rose from her chair as he and Dietrich came in and started toward him. But a policeman gently pushed her back into it. Eddie's lips curled.

"O. K., Dietrich," he whispered. "I'll talk. I'll take a plea, if you promise to get me life instead of the chair."

"Why, Eddie," Dietrich told him regretfully, "that's out of my jurisdiction. You got to take that up with the D. A. But I'll promise to put in a word for you, if you'll save us trouble."

So Eddie talked. He sat in a room with five still-faced men, one of whom wrote busily in a stenographer's note-book, taking it all down. And when he had finished, Dietrich leaned forward.

"Thanks Eddie!" he said enthusiastically. "That was swell. I never thought you'd break as easy as that. This was a lucky case for me. All I had was a hunch. I saw you out one night with that little blonde—What's her name? Lana? Nice little lady. So I brought her down here so she'd be here when you came in. Want to see her now?"

"Why should I want to see the little rat?" Eddie snarled. "After she turned me in! Do you think I'm nuts?"

"She didn't turn you in, Eddie," Dietrich's voice was heavy with rebuke. "She's nuts about you. She told me she was. She wouldn't do that to you!"

"But you said," Eddie gawped. "You told me, 'Never trust a blonde.'"

"Sure I did, Eddie," Dietrich admitted. "But I didn't mean Lana. Look, Eddie." He took off his hat and pointed at a straw-colored thatch liberally sprinkled with silver. "See that? Well, it's got plenty of gray in it now. But when I was young, Eddie, I was a big, fine-looking blonde."

Never Trust Blondes

By Chas. J. McGuirk

Eddie knew the old axiom, but he didn't know the twist to it.

AS the detective, Dietrich, opened the door and came into the twilight of Kennedy's Tavern, Rose Coleed—Eddie Glendell's dark, shapely girl friend—rose from the seat opposite Eddie and slid out. Her face was expressionless as she murmured through set lips, "It's Dietrich. Eddie. I'll have Makowitz, the mouthpiece, at the West Forty-seventh Street Station in an hour. He'll spring you."

"Oke," the dapper, extremely dressed Eddie said. "Remember. On Wednesday, the sixteenth. I was with you in your apartment from 10 o'clock that night until 3 next morning. And stick to it."

She nodded and was gone and, through the glass over the bar, Eddie watched the elephantine Dietrich, with his too-large hat down over his ears, ask Mike, the bartender a question. He saw Mike nod toward his booth and Dietrich turn and come toward him. He waited tensely, his sharp-featured face still, his eyes alive.

"Eddie!" Dietrich greeted with a start of spurious surprise. "As I live and breathe! Fancy meeting you here!"

"Can it, copper," Eddie grated. "What's the rap? You haven't anything on me."

"Anything on you!" Dietrich's aggrieved hurt was colossal. "Say, can't a guy say 'Hello' to you without talking business?" He dropped heavily into the seat Rose had just vacated and became embarrassed. "Somebody's been here. The seat's still warm. Bet it was a woman, you rascal. Bet it was Rose. I hope it was. I'd hate to see you two-time her. She's a nice girl. Say. Maybe I'm intruding?"

Behind his still face Eddie thought: they're checking my killing of that service station attendant—Boyle, his name was—but they're drawing a blank. I got a bullet-proof alibi. I shot him at 11:15. I was in Rose's apartment at 11:35. But she'll swear I was there an hour before and stayed till four hours after. I didn't kill him. But why didn't he stick 'em up, when I told him to? I had to give it to him. And what for? A lousy forty-two bucks. For that, I get a chance at the hot-seat. "You're always intruding when you come anywhere near me," he snarled at Dietrich. And he thought: Don't lose your nut. He hasn't got a thing.

"Ah, now, Eddie," Dietrich pleaded, "can't a guy pass the time of day? What you drinking?"

"Beer," Eddie said, "and it could be laudanum, if I wanted it. I'm discharged, not paroled." And he thought: the gun's in the river and only two people know that I killed Boyle. Rose and Lana, the little blonde at the Sunset restaurant. Rose is as safe as a bank. I wish I hadn't told Lana. I wouldn't, if I hadn't got drunk while I was out with her. But she's safe, too. She's nuts about me and when a dame is nuts about a guy, she'll never squeal on him. "Quit stalling, copper," he snapped. "What do you want?"

"All right," Dietrich agreed regretfully. "It's that service station killing on Fourteenth Street on the sixteenth. You know. Fellow named Dan Boyle was shot and killed by a stick-up man at 11:15 P. M. He got away. Eddie, you know we never would have caught up with him if it wasn't for a blonde." He shook his head, bewildered. "I been a policeman for twenty-two years and I never could understand why you guys—Not you, Eddie. I know you're too smart and I know you've turned straight. I mean guys on the wrong side of the Law—always go for ladies. If I was a crook—pardon

me, Eddie. I don't include you among those kind of people any more—But, if I was, I'd never trust a blonde. They spill too easy." His bewilderment increased. "Put a little pressure on them and they squawk. Tell them, for instance, that a guy that's just picked them up and is giving them a big play belongs to another woman, a swell looking brunette like—well, like Rose—and they sing. Baby, do they sing!"

"You're a liar, Dietrich," Eddie barked—and caught himself.

"Why, no I ain't Eddie," Dietrich looked surprised. "I'm telling you. That's the way it always is and that's the way it was in this case. A blonde broke it. Get your hat, Eddie. We're going to headquarters. You got a rod on you? Stand up a minute." Dietrich frisked him.

Headquarters! And Rose was sending Makowitz, the lawyer, to the West Forty-seventh Street Station. It would be hours before Makowitz would find him. Not that it made any difference now. Lana had squealed. The lousy—if he could get her neck between his hands—But this wasn't the time to think of things like that. The cops had it on him. It was a murder rap. And it was cold. With Lana's testimony against him, he could never beat it!

His face was no longer still. It twitched despite all his efforts. He licked his lips as he reached for his hat. He feverishly refused Dietrich's courteous offer to wait until he had finished his beer. They went out together, casually, and Dietrich called a cab. On the way down, Eddie's mind raced from chance to chance like a rat in a trap. As they drew up before headquarters, it was made up. If Lana was there, he would know Dietrich wasn't lying.

She was. She was sitting in a chair just outside a door marked, "Detective Bureau." She rose from her chair as he and Dietrich came in and started toward him. But a policeman gently pushed her back into it. Eddie's lips curled.

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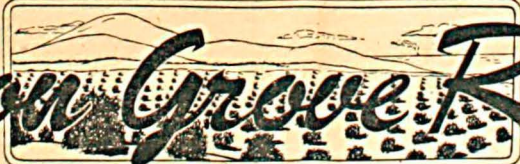
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Ridin' By

Equestrian Activities in and Around Lemon Grove

By MARGE ELLISON

The horsemen proved their mettle when 228 of them turned out in all splendor for the Lemon Grove Powow parade on Saturday. Despite the seeming inconveniences of the hour, the response to the invitation to be a part of Lemon Grove's first parade was so gratifying to everyone concerned, the sponsors and the riders. The Powow was put on under the auspices of the Lemon Grove Lions Club and this ingenious group extends its thanks to all who had a part in the parade and especially to the horsemen for helping to make it such a grand success. Their sincerity was manifested by the magnificent ribbons presented the special contestants and their thoughtfulness in presenting every rider with a blue ribbon. (Anyone who did not get his blue ribbon may obtain same by calling at the headquarters of the San Diego County Horseman's Association, 7882 Broadway.) There's no denying the fact that horsemen are swell people and can always be counted on to lend a hand in community affairs.

For the benefit of some riders who might not know it—one of the judges was Fred Ferguson, of Broadway and Olive. He's a Lemon Grove horseman from 'way back and certainly has an eye for good horseflesh. Although 90 years old, he is still interested wholeheartedly in horses and his enthusiasm in working with the committee in charge of lining up the parade was remarkable. Mr. Ferguson had the first horse show in San Diego County many years ago and can relate some mighty interesting incidents. He doesn't ride any more, but he certainly

"knows horses." Some of the old timers knew him better as 'Peeler,' when he was making trips up the trail from Texas to the northwest, driving the first herd in 1875 up to Ogallala, Nebr., for Millett and Mabry. He drove the same outfit in 1876 and again in 1877 and in 1878 he went to riding for the Spur outfit, who at that time was working on the Pease River. From there he rode herd in Tombstone, Arizona, Texas, Montana, Wyoming and Kansas. He's ridden on the trails and cattle ranges of the whole West. While the parade, in which he participated last Friday (in a soft-cushioned auto), might not have come up to the old standards of rootin' tootin', shootin' celebrations, and the horses pranced on paved streets instead of dusty trails, there were plenty of horses and riders and the old festivity spirit so typical of the West.

The Aztec Riders were awarded a ribbon for the best color guard; Iona Horse Club of Encanto, was judged the largest and most colorful mounted group. While the Palomar Riders from Mission Valley were adjudged the best dressed mounted group. These Palomars were dressed in lovely royal blue satin shirts with white trim. The Powow was the first parade in which they have shown and the individual riders' ribbon and special award ribbon more than made up for the effort and expense of bringing all their horses up from the valley. This new club has a drill meeting every Friday night at the Palomar Stables, Sixth Street extension and Ward Road in Mission Valley, under the direction of Johnny Brown, who is Drill Captain and manager of the stables. They are planning an overnight ride on the Sunday evening before Labor Day and will ride to El Cajon, where they will camp. Other riders are invited. Full particulars may be had by calling Johnny Brown at the Palomar Stables, Woodcrest 9658.

Among prominent horsemen who turned out were Frank Bettencourt, parade marshal, Carl Polzin, W. P. Zilker and Dr. F. B. Gigliotti (presenting an interesting portrayal of an American Indian) of Lemon Grove; Bill Minor of Mission Hills, Bob Harness of La Mesa, Leon Cazare of Mission Valley.

The Third Annual All-Pinto Horse Show, held Sunday at the Veterans' Field, El Cajon, was a grand success and full of surprises. The popular Pinto breeder who sponsors the show, Walter Church, of El Cajon, was not able to attend his own show, being confined to Quintard Hospital. He was injured last Thursday by Poncho, his beautiful parade stallion. While it is believed his condition and injury are not alarming, hospitalization was advised. Mr. Church was contacted by telephone at his bedside several times during the show and given reports on the activities in the field. Each time he sent back a greeting to the crowd and his friends and exhibitors who were carrying on the show for him. Thunderous ovations accompanied the relaying of these greetings from Walter and out-of-town visitors and friends hastened to sign a guest book and send personal messages to him. These messages came from Pico, Wilman, Long Beach, El Monte, Arcadia, Temple City, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Gardena, Escondido, Ocean-side, Vista, Ramona, Palm City, San Luis Rey; from Langlois, Pa., Yarnell, Ariz., and New York City.

Then, among the surprises, was the personal appearance, in a lovely blue-colored Air City ambulance, of 'Ma' Mackey, wellknown to the horsemen and a prominent and colorful figure in every parade over a period of years. 'Ma' was a trick rider, and rode side-saddle in most of the parades, always attired in an elaborate costume. She suffered a cerebral hemorrhage a year ago and since has been confined to her bed most of the time. It was through the courtesy of Mr. Church and thoughtfulness of Cecil Morgan, who is associated with Mr. Church, that made it possible for Ma's appearance. Horsemen are the grandest people!

The Rock 'N Ride had another of its popular evening gymkhanas last Saturday with excitement, thrills, fun galore. These night shows are held on the third Saturday of each month and well attended by horsemen from all over.

The Aztec Riders will hold a party and dance Saturday night at the Church barn in El Cajon. Among the guests will be a group of expert square dancers from Pine Valley who will enliven the party with helpful instructions and exhibitions.

Next Monday all Aztec riders are requested to attend an important meeting at its ring in Alvarado Canyon at 7 p.m. This meeting will also be attended by members of the County Planning

Commission. The discussion deals with making a decision as to zoning of the property on which the ring is located. It is extremely important that each member be present. Coffee and donuts will be served.

The San Diego County Horsemen's Association had an area meeting at Pine Valley last Monday evening. John H. Pinglee was appointed Area Director for the district from Jacumba to and including Pine Valley.

The Iona Horse Club held its first show and gymkhana, complete with calf-roping, games and thrilling events on Wednesday evening of last week at the Lane Ranch in Encanto. Exceedingly well patronized, the nominal entry fee accumulated sufficient funds to purchase the lovely flags used in the Club's color guard, seen in the Powow parade. Although relatively new, the club is making astounding progress, due mostly to the boundless efforts of its president, Bob Gebheim, who so efficiently performed as announcer and master-of-ceremonies during the three days of the Powow. Mr. Gebheim was at one time connected with Republic 8174.

Studios. He is a genial and cooperative civic-minded fellow and deserves credit for the colorful parade group he entered. The Iona Horse Club is working on plans for another evening gymkhana and calf-roping contest in September, at the Lane Ranch. The date will be announced in this column.

The First Annual El Monte Trail Ride will start at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, September 4, at the Hazard-Culnan Stables in Mission Valley, riding up Alvarado Canyon, final destination—El Monte. Four meals and feed for horse will be \$7.00 per person. For reservation or information call Gil Wolfe, Hilldale 4-5760 or send reservations to Joe Ruski, 4576 Maryland, San Diego 3.

SCOUT LEADERS NEEDED

The Lemon Grove Girl Scout organization is growing so rapidly that new troop leaders are vitally needed. There will be a basic training course for Brownie and Intermediate Scout leaders starting September 15. For information call Mrs. Milton Day, H6-8174.

Booklet Issued on Amendments

Secretary of State Frank M. Jordan today started distribution of five and one-half million 20-page booklets containing arguments for and against a dozen constitutional amendments and initiative proposals which are to be voted upon at the special state election November 8.

The books are being forwarded to the State's 58 county clerks and registrars of voters, who in turn will distribute them to registered voters along with sample ballots prior to the election. Copies are also available at Jordan's Sacramento office.

OUT OF ARMY HOSPITAL

Pvt. Ronald R. Dryer, 1949 El Dora street, has been released from active military service. He had been a patient at Brooke General Hospital at Brooke Army Medical Center, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, one of the largest and most complete medical installations in the world.

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